OXFORD OBSERVER

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THE REFLECTOR.

[From the Bangor Gazette.]

"All that live must die, passing through Nature to Eternity."

Believe me, Eliza, that elegance of person, that beautiful regularity of features, that captivating air which strikes every beholder with love and admiration, will avail thee naught against the cold ravages of death. The gay, the wise, the humble, the exalted, the beautiful and deformed, must moulder into the same native clay. Thou hast seen the sun rise in all its splendor, nature freshened at its approach, and the morning of its reign all smiling with beauty and perfection.

It gained strength as it acquired its meridian height, and as it sunk beneath the western hills, the glimmering prospect faded on the view, and the day closed in with the dusky shade of night.

This is an emblem of life. Man comes into existence as the dawn comes from the bosom of darkness, his youth is beautiful as the morning sun all smiling with innocence and perfection, and manhood is as the noon, indued with strength and vigor, animated with hope, and pleased with enjoyment; but soon the evening approaches and the transient scenes of time are closed in the darkness of death.

Man, though born with faculties to reach through the depth of time, starts back with horror at the dreadful uncertainty of futurity.

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to those we know not of."

He becomes enamoured of his earthly habitation and wishes to dwell in it forever. Every art is tried to support his frail and tottering fabric, yet a little while and every breast, now warm with hope and busy with design, shall sink into the cold and silent grave.

REFLECTIONS

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

While leaning on the monument which records thy fate, I would learn my own mortality, nor dare presume on long life and happiness. Whether the monumental stone be raised or not, the period will soon arrive, when the same which this stone speaks of thee, will be said of him, who now drops on thy grave the sympathetic tear—"Died." He indeed died.—Not all the wishes, the hopes, the tears or the prayers of a numerous circle of friends, joined to the heart-rending sighs of a widowed mother could avert the dart. In the midst of active life the "stern monarch" arrests him, and he, whose voice once cheered me, now lies mouldering beneath the silent clod at my feet—not a whisper is heard, naught but the gentle breeze as it passes over the little mound which covers thee, and which in conjunction with thy tombstone marks the place of thy silent repose. Here the voice of friendship calls in vain; thou neither hearest it nor returnest an answer.

Oft have we met in boyish days to join in puerile sports, and in youth to engage in the pursuit of intellectual improvement, but alas! a something whispers, "you will meet no more." Oft have I looked on thy manly features and listened to thy instructive voice, but the inscription on this stone says, in a language not to be misunderstood, "you shall see and hear him no more." No; much as I loved thee, and valued thy society, I shall enjoy it no more. Thy transient morning was all thou hadst of life, and it passed away. Thou art indeed gone, but thy memory remains, and he who now bows over the grave, will never forget thee while thought is active in his breast. REFLECTOR.

Father of mercies! I would thank thee, that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that even in this bad world, the lines of our duty and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

To judge impartially, we are to put men's good qualities in the balance against their bad ones; and if the scale of the first outweighs, the latter ought not to be brought to account.

THE REPOSITORY.

[From the New-York Inquirer.]

MAJOR ANDRE.

Browere, that persevering and ingenious artist, has been to West Chester, and has taken a bust of Col. Isaac Van Wart, the only surviving captor of Maj. Andre—an humble citizen, it is true, but one whose fidelity and patriotism have been eminently serviceable to his country; and here we cannot but praise that uniform love of country which has stimulated the artist to persevere at considerable expense, until he has secured the *fac similes* of nearly all who "have done the State some service."

Presuming that a narrative of the capture of Andre, related with simplicity by the old soldier, might not be uninteresting, Browere, during the operation, prevailed upon him to give an account of himself; and also, that particular event so closely connected with the history of our revolutionary war. He commenced as follows:

"I am the third son of Martinus Van Wart; he had nine children. I was born at Greensburgh, West Chester County, but don't know on what day, but was christened on the 25th Oct. 1748. When a division of the American army was at North Castle, commanded by Col. Jamison, I went on a scouting party consisting of two besides myself, in order to way-lay the cow-boys or refugees, who, we had notice, passed the North River Post daily, with cattle, horses, sheep, &c. While at the encampment at North Castle, John Paulding came one afternoon to me, saying, "Isaac, have you any objection to going with me on a scout, below?" "No," says I. We then started between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with our English rifles on our shoulders, and proceeded southward. After walking a mile or so, we fell in with David Williams, and persuaded him to accompany us on our expedition. At night, we came to neighbor John Andrews' barn at Mount Pleasant, and slept on the hay until day break. We next crossed the fields to the North River Post Road, and about half past 7 o'clock, we came to the widow Read's house, got some milk and a pack of playing cards. At 9, we reached the field beside the road, now the property of Mr. Wiley, three-quarters of a mile from Tarrytown. Getting over the fence, we found it filled with thick bushes, underwood, &c. &c. We cleared a spot, and Paulding, taking out the cards, said, "Boys, we will draw cuts—two can play, while the third stands sentry." The cuts were made, and I was to stand sentinel. During 15 or 20 minutes, several neighbors, whose political principles I well knew, passed the field where we were, without discovering us—Paulding and Williams keeping a perfect silence, and I laying down within the bushes, and close to the fence. Shortly, (say twenty or thirty minutes from the time of our arrival,) I saw a horseman ride slowly along on a black horse, on the rising ground directly opposite to where the Tarrytown Academy now stands. I said to Paulding and Williams, "Here's a horseman coming—we must stop him."—We got up with our firelocks ready, and waited for him to advance. As soon as he (it was Maj. Andre) saw us standing by the fence, he reined in his horse, and riding straight up to us, said "*God bless you, my dear friends, I hope you belong to our party.*" We asked, "What party?" Without hesitation, he smilingly replied: "*Why, the lower party; I am a British officer, and to convince you that I am a gentleman and own the truth, see, here is my gold watch.*" We told him, he was wrong, for we neither belonged to his, nor to the lower party, but were Americans and that he was our prisoner. He started, changed color, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "*God bless my soul! A body must do any thing to get along now-a-days.*"—Thereupon he showed us Gen. Arnold's passport, and said, "*I have been in this country on particular business, and hope you won't detain me a minute.*" After we had read the passport we ordered him to dismount and follow us. We then took down the fence and led him and his horse through into the thicket. Williams put up the fence as at first, that no suspicion or inquiry should arise from seeing it down. When Williams came up, Major Andre requested us again to release him, and said he would give us any sum of money we might ask, or any quantity of dry goods. You know our answer. After searching his clothes, we ordered him to set down, and pulling off his boots we perceived that his silk stocking sagged a little; we took that off, and found in it three letters that were not sealed. On taking off his other boot and stocking we found three more unsealed letters, which contained correct descriptions of the posts, redoubts, cannon, &c. of West Point and other places. After taking possession of these documents he said "*Now you have gotten all, lead on.*" He put on his stockings and boots, and followed us to the road. Replacing the fence, we allowed him to mount his horse and go in advance. You never saw such an alteration in any man's face. Only a few minutes before he was uncommonly gay in his looks, but after we had made him prisoner, you could read in his face that he thought it was all over with him. We felt for him, but that was all we could do, so long as we meant to be honest to our country. We made our way as quickly and silently as we could to the encampment at North Castle. We never went into the main road, but kept in the by-ways, and never stopped except to give the prisoner a little milk or so, which we got from the country people. When we arrived at Sand's Mills, which was ten miles from where we captured him, we surrendered the Major up to the commanding officer, who was Col. Jamison. I wish you to know, that after travelling one or two miles, Major Andre said, "I would to GOD you had blown my brains out when you stopped me." During this speech, and the whole of the journey, big drops of sweat kept continually falling from his face; he suffered much in mind, as was apparent from his great dejection, but he acted like a gentleman, candid and politely; he never once attempted to escape."

Such is the substance of the story related to Mr. Browere last week; it differs but little from those already related; but at his age, and at this time, it is peculiarly interesting.

STRONG SENSE OF SHAME. Robert A. the foreman of a respectable nurseryman, at some distance from town, who had lived with his employers ten years, and borne a good character, on Saturday sen'night applying for his wages, claimed pay for a man up to that day, altho' he had discharged him some days before. His master said, looking him steadily in the face—"Robert, do you want to cheat me by asking wages for a man that you yourself discharged eight days ago?" He had no sooner said this, than the miserable conscience-stricken man's blood forsook his face, as if he had been stabbed to the heart. When his master saw him so much affected, he told him, that he should not discharge him—that he might still labor as he had done, but that, after such a manifestly dishonest attempt, his character, and the confidence in it, were gone forever. On Monday, Robert made his appearance, but was utterly an altered man. The agitation of his mind had reduced his body to the feebleness of an infant. He took his spade and tried to use it, but in vain, and it was with difficulty that he reached his home. He went to bed immediately, medical aid was procured, but to no purpose, and the poor fellow sunk under the sense of his degradation, and expired on Wednesday forenoon! His neighbor who attended him, says, that a short time before he died, he declared that the agony consequent on the loss of his character as an honest man, which he had for so many years maintained, was the sole cause of his death.

English paper.

THE MARVELLOUS. We have found the following gravely stated as a fact in the *Journal du Commerce de Lyons*:—Dr. James Hotham, of Morpeth, Northumberland, returning from Switzerland, is stated to have reported that a most extraordinary event had lately passed at Mount St. Gothard, a league from Azoli, in the valley of Levantina. At the bottom of a kind of cavern, the body of a man, about thirty years of age, was perceived under a heap of ice, proceeding from an avalanche. As the body seemed as fresh as if had been stifled only half an hour before, Dr. Hotham caused it to be taken out, and having had the clothes pulled off, ordered it to be plunged into cold water. It was then taken out, covered with a crust of ice, and placed first in lukewarm water, and then in some water still warmer—afterwards it was put in a warm bed and treated as usual in cases of suffocation, by which means animation was restored. What was the astonishment of every body, when this individual having recovered the use of his faculties, declared that he, Roger Dodsworth, was son of the antiquary of the same name, born in 1629, who returning from Italy, in 1660, a year after the death of his father, was buried under an avalanche. Dr. Hotham, according to the same account, is stated to have added, that Mr. Dodsworth feels a great stiffness in all his joints, but that by degrees they will become as flexible as before the accident. If Mr. Dodsworth, fully recovered, should pass through Lyons to return to his country after 166 years absence, it may be predicted that he will attract in the highest degree the public curiosity.

STEAM OF QUICKSILVER. A London paper mentions that a great discovery has been made in steam navigation, by which three-fourths of the fuel now used will be saved. The vapor of Quicksilver is substituted for steam with similar machinery, and a few precautions to prevent any waste of the metal by a pipe on the safety valve. The bottom of the boiler which is very small and strong, as compared with that in use for producing steam is conical, and the termination of the cone is in contact with the burning coals which surround it. Their heat is communicated almost instantaneously to the quicksilver in the boiler, throwing it into vapor at the temperature of 656 deg. of Farenheit. Its elasticity and power can be indefinitely increased by heat, and the greater the elasticity produced, the greater the vacuum in the cylinder on opening the valve communicating with the well. The saving to stowage will be very considerable, and a ton of Quicksilver will be sufficient for propelling a vessel to India and back again with 140 horse power.

CURE FOR THE PILES. A friend has called upon us, and says, that a safe and speedy cure for the Piles can be found by this simple recipe:—Take a piece of sheet lead, such as commonly comes in tea chests, upon the inside of which you are to put hog's lard, and with a leaden weight rub the same until it becomes a lead color, and with this salve, for a few times, anoint the parts affected, which in a short time will remove, what to those who are in like manner troubled, is a desideratum "devoutly to be wished."—*Lansingburgh Gaz.*

The following Advertisement is literally copied from a New-Jersey paper: "To be sold, on the 8th of September, one hundred and thirty-one *suits at law*, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business. *Note.*—The Clients are rich and obstinate."

POLITICAL.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—It is presumed that you will highly gratify the people in this County, by nominating in your paper as Candidates for the Senate, at the ensuing Election, the

REV. DANIEL HUTCHINSON,
of Hartford—and
GEN. JAMES STEEL,
of Brownfield,

as men well qualified to fill that important office.—They are men well known to the people of this County for their pure Republican principles, and their steady adherence to the cause of their country in times of adversity as well as prosperity.

Mr. Hutchinson is well known as a man of good sense, a strong mind, profound judgment, quick and deep penetration, and an unsullied moral character. He has been a member of the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Maine, both of which stations he has filled with fidelity to his constituents, and honor to himself.

Gen. Steel is a man who has risen to honor and office by his own virtue and integrity.—He was a member of the Convention that framed the State Constitution; and the manner of his voting in that Assembly is demonstrative of his sound judgment, and clear perceptions, relative to State Legislation, and the rights of the people. PLATO.

Aug. 26, 1826.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—In perusing your paper of the 24th ult. I perceive that the people of this County are considerably excited in the anticipation of the approaching Election. And as it is now a common phrase in the mouths of the several advocates for their respective Candidates for Representative to Congress to say, "We are pleased," "We are very much gratified," &c. &c. that things are thus and so—I take the same liberty, and express my feelings in saying, that I am extremely glad, that the *Republicans* have, in a measure, awoke from their lethargy, and in opposition to those smooth-faced—ay, *masked*—*No-party* men, assert their rights—their rights as belonging to a free and independent Government. Yes: those *Amalgamationists* who are going about in sheeps' clothing—their speech as smooth and winning as the charmer's, and as sweet as the honey dropping from the comb—distilling, as the serpent of old, pollution into the ears of those men who are not firm enough to withstand their sly and corrupting insinuations—and thereby drawing them away from the path of rectitude—from the firm and long established rules of our Republican institutions;—the *Republicans*, who are pure and undefiled by their prayers and entreaties—and free from the shackles of their superficial cunning spurn with just indignation.

"O procul! procul! este profani!"

Let us look a little to the principles of those men who have been crying out—that all former party prejudices and animosities which served to divide the two great parties of our Nation, were settled into tranquillity—into calm repose—into oblivion! How sensible they were all the while, that the bitter enmity which has heretofore existed still reigned, with ten-fold acuteness in their veins:—But, rather ashamed of the weakness of their party—too well satisfied that they could not accomplish their purpose by fair and honorable means—by coming out boldly and saying—here is our party, we will have *this* man to reign over *us*;—they adverted to those selfish, subtle rules by which they obtained the suffrages they did for their Candidate at the late Convention. *Are they not the first to lead in party?* They certainly are. "Ay, let us get our feet braced a little—let us get the balance of power into our hands, then we'll show you, my boys! we'll no longer cry out, *No-party—Amalgamation*—but divide and conquer!—divided, we'll conquer!" No sooner did they get their favorite nominated, than they poured in, like goodly oil upon his head, their "fulsome and adulatory praise," and are the first to cast reflections against the opposing Candidate.

If there has been corruption in the Convention, where are we to look for a remedy? Surely among the people, where the remedy lies.

And now I would ask—"Does any one of my Fellow-Citizens or rather my Fellow-Republicans, doubt the integrity, good faith, and sound principles of Mr. RIPLEY? No; not one. Are there any who doubt his *capability* to represent us in Congress? If there are, I would say to such, banish such an idea from your minds. Go to our leading men, ask them the question—and you will be satisfied. He is acknowledged by them to be a man of as good talents as his opponent. This is the *only* objection his bitterest enemies have against him, which, however specious it may appear, is only a substitute for other failings they cannot possibly alledge against him.

And are we basely to heave down our weapons and flee a man whose talents cannot be doubted—whose character is as bright as the morning sun, and as spotless as the fleecy snow—a man who has ever adhered to one party—to that party which has carried our country through blood and slaughter to her present happy, free, and independent condition—to that party by which the pillars of our Government are now sustained? Must we, on the day of election, turn with disdain from such a man, and give our votes for *Levi Whitman?* "Me geneito." Are *Republicans* to be duped and compelled to vote for a man who has ever evinced a disposition to deliver us up to the fury of a merciless foe? who in time of war voted against all measures of defence for the preservation of the rights of his countrymen—who held forth the palm-leaf—who stretched out the hand of friendship—yea, the *sweet* hand of fellowship to our worst enemy? And—my voice trembles—my hand shrinks from the task—*are we to give our suffrages to a man who voted for the organization of the Hartford Convention?*

This act should ever debar a man from receiving any office of trust in the great Councils of our Nation.

Fellow-Citizens! are we reduced to this strait? If we are, well may it be said, "that the last hope—the last sigh of Republicanism, died with our JEFFERSON." Shall it be said at the going down of the sun on the day of Election, that LEVI WHITMAN is chosen a Representative to Congress from Oxford Congressional District? if so, the spirit of JEFFERSON, recently flown to the abodes of the blest, will again return to earth, and in its youthful pride, proscribe the man and palzy the hand that has cast his suffrage thus!

But we anticipate the reverse. May the good spirit which led our WASHINGTON through innumerable perils and hardships, which shielded him from the daggers of this same internal enemy, bring *us* out victorious. Yes, Fellow-Citizens; let us conduct ourselves in a manner worthy of our ancestors—let us march up to the polls with a steady heart and hand—let us pursue our old strait-forward course, casting far from us the soft and smooth flattery of *No-Party* men, and victory is ours.

ALPHA.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—I see the name of LEVI WHITMAN, Esq. is put into your paper as Candidate for Member of Congress. I am right down glad that he is put up.—I have had business to do with him very often, and know him to be a sensible man and an honest one too—Such men don't grow on every bush. He shall certainly have my vote and as many more as I can get for him honestly, and I have heard a number of my neighbors say the same thing.

Yours to serve,
A FARMER OF BETHEL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Electors of Oxford! I am one of those who deem it important to pursue the laudable good understanding among the citizens of Oxford on political subjects. Hitherto we have been singularly fortunate in escaping the division and contention of other Counties. Shall this state of things be disturbed by a few restless, disappointed spirits, who wish to divide your suffrages for Senators? You have, by your Delegates in Convention, expressed your decided preference at this time, for REUEL WASHBURN and JOHN GROVER, Esq'rs. men of talents, men of good standing among you, and worthy of your confidence.—Mr. *Washburn* is a gentleman of liberal education, sound mind, and enlarged views. He has resided long in the County, has made himself acquainted with your interests, and possesses both the talents and the disposition to promote the public good. The tongue of slander dares not attack his reputation. He stands distinguished for his mental and moral worth, combining in his character those qualities that have commanded the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens. With Mr. *Grover* I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. He has been several times a member of the House of Representatives; and his nomination for the Senate demonstrates that he is held in high estimation.—Why then should these gentlemen fail of support? I do not indeed fear the result. Their election is morally certain. But the unprincipled spirit, which vents itself in individual nominations, merely with a view to create division and discord in the County, deserves the lash of censure, and calls for animadversion. ADAMS.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—Having reason to believe that there have been *secretly* printed certain Communications to the public, calculated to injure the feelings and intended to affect, to their prejudice, the reputations of those of our Public Officers who occupy Rooms in the Court-House, and of some Members of the late Convention; and having also certain intelligence that those Communications have been artfully kept on hand by some evil minded persons, for the purpose of striking a blow immediately before the Election—I demand of you, in the name of honor and justice, and as you shall hereafter expect support from fair dealing men, to allow a place in your next paper, for this Caution to the Public. I do not feel so much concerned for the characters of those persons implicated in the base and groundless charges made against them, as I do entertain a decided indignation at *clandestine proceedings, contemptible tricks and malicious artifices*, used only for deception. I like, Sir, manliness, openness and fair dealing, and no skulking, no ambuscading in the grand Public concern of an Election. Now, Sir, the fact is, that a Circular has been printed with closed doors, is kept by the guilty and ashamed author hidden like stolen goods, and agents, like thieves in the night, will be employed to go through the County, under the cover of darkness, and slip the anonymous libels within the doors, where the vile tools of detraction would not presume to enter by day. Is it of such vast importance that the individual whom these foolish intriguers mean to support, should be elected—is the nation, or this District so dependant on him alone, that our Public Officers in the Probate, Registry and Court Departments are all to be sacrificed because they do not bend their necks to the yoke and obey the mandates of those factionists who are defaming them? What have they done? Let us learn the definition of their crime. They have exercised the right of selecting according to their own judgment, their Candidate for an elective office, and they have openly declared, one and all of them, that they prefer a Republican to a Federalist; that they prefer Gen. JAMES W. RIPLEY, of Fryeburg, a man who was elected by the *unanimous* vote of your Senate, and the *nearly unanimous* vote of your House of Representatives, to the highest Militia office in the State but one, who was frequently sent by his townsmen a Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts; who has been chosen by this County, repeatedly, a Senator of Maine, a person adorned by all the virtues which become the man, honored by the confidence of his fellow-citizens heretofore, recommended by them now, who has been active and persevering, capable and faithful in all his trusts, and possessing every qualification necessary to enable him to fulfil that which we now propose to confer on him.

So carefully has conscious guilt concealed its designs, that I will not pretend to have been able to detect the particulars, much less to apprehend the lurking assassin; but I know this, that he has whetted his dagger especially for *one* individual, and that he has associated with a band sworn to secrecy and vengeance. That individual has been designated in communications in the last *Observer*, and that is not complained of. The object then was, probably, only to intimidate; but, that failing, it is now to break down his influence, and as the open field is unsafe, to creep about amidst filthy rubbish in the dark, and to throw the poisoned arrow of defamation from the concealed retreat. Let me ask you, Sir, how shall the infamous detracter be caught to be made to answer to public opinion or to law? Will the *County Attorney* hunt him down? Will the individual assailed condescend to look for him? Will justice ever have the opportunity to scourge him? No, he will have a short and partial triumph, but he and his instruments will at last be known, a just and thinking people will brand them with infamy, and those whom they have thus wantonly and secretly vilified, will, in their turn, have their day of triumph. The accused individual has only fairly exercised a right belonging to all, and discharged a duty particularly incumbent on every freeman. He formed his opinions on principles and practices which have been uniformly sustained in this District, and which it *has not yet* shown a disposition to abandon. Those opinions he has expressed. They led him to determine to support, as many, very many others have done, the election of James W. Ripley, and in this free country, it has not usually been deemed a fit cause for personal abuse, to have exercised this privilege. In truth it is despicable in any candidate or in his friends, to refuse, in good nature, to meet opposition and to submit with good temper to the decision of the voters. However discreet the defamers of the individual alluded to, may fancy they have been in consequence of causing their door to be locked when printing, there is, nevertheless, a proverb, which opens the source of our intelligence: *They have not been able to govern their tongues.* They wish to impress the idea that there is a local faction in this District, which has used the Court-House as the temple where its worship was performed. An insult upon the Convention so gross and absurd will only excite the smile of contempt; but the idea becomes a serious one when we reflect that this is the first effort here made, to disturb the remarkable harmony which has existed among us by exciting local jealousies. It is an assiduous attempt to create prejudicies which can do no good. We wish to promote the common weal, or at least ought to do so, and if we act only on the general principle that the service to be rendered, the character of the District, the support of a great cause, are primary objects, and that the freedom of electors must be sustained, we shall only despise the bitterness of soul, the contractedness of views which gave rise to the poor and contemptible plan of the DEFAMATORY AND CONCEALED CIRCULAR.

HONESTUS.

For the Oxford Observer.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

MR. EDITOR,—James W. Ripley, about whose unalloyed Republicanism and devoted patriotism some of your Correspondents are making such an outcry, was, during the Embargo and for a long time since, a *rank and inveterate Federalist*, and, so far as his feeble powers could give utterance to the feelings of his heart, was as clamorous against the measures of Jefferson and Madison's administrations as any Federalist in the nation. He turned his coat *right side out* on the prospect of political advancement and has been too richly rewarded. Deny this who can. I have no faith in his political honesty, believing as I do, that the *loaves and fishes of office* compose the great luminary around which his political creed revolves.

Give me the man who, however erroneous may *have been* his sentiments, has erred from *honest principle* and always maintained a course of consistency, but who, from *honest conviction* will embrace a new doctrine. Such a man I believe is LEVI WHITMAN. BOB SHORT.

Pigwacket, Aug. 28.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—Your paper, some time since, announced that Mr. WHITMAN and Mr. RIPLEY were selected by a Convention regularly held in this District, the first to supply a vacancy for one year, the latter to serve during the next Congress. It is not probable that more than one will be elected at all, for it would be absurd to choose a man for only one year, to a situation which would be only that of an imperfect apprenticeship. The question then comes, who will you choose for the whole term? The balance of recommendation by the Convention is certainly in favor of Gen. RIPLEY, as he was last recommended and for the longest time. The members of the Convention knew him, and compared his qualifications with those of Mr. WHITMAN, and on the whole, under their responsibility, decided to support him for the longest and most important term. That they wished to do the best they could, that they acted upon proper inquiry, that they were intelligent, impartial and patriotic men must be confessed: yet we see that there is a violent opposition to their doings, and that even those who support them are arraigned and vehemently accused. The County Attorney should surely discriminate better than to mistake the virtue of independence for a vice, and no Grand Jury could be *here* placed on the panel who would find a bill for freedom of thought. Indeed we cannot perceive what sacredness of character or *divine right* Mr. WHITMAN has to exempt him, as a Candidate for an elective office, from being compared with others, or postponed to them, according to the will of any one, so far as his vote or his influence may extend. Different men appreciate the qualities and dispositions of others by different rules. *Old rules* are regarded as best by some,—new ones by others. Let all judge for themselves, and whether of one party denomination or another, so far as they are honest the same great result will be produced.—How ungenerous, how unwise and imprudent is it, then, to wage war on those who may be influenced by different views from ourselves, yet undoubtedly are actuated by the same regard for the good of all. We have heard the most abusive accusations against, not only the Public Officers in the Court-House, but members of the Convention, because they have endeavored to promote the nomination and support of Gen. RIPLEY. Let it be shown, that to be a Republican and to support a Republican is a crime, then the attempt to restrain our freedom might be sustained and the guardianship of our Republican citizens placed in the untried hands of the new dictators.

For the Oxford Observer.

Prove all things;
Hold fast that which is good.

FELLOW-CITIZENS! Will you permit one of your number to address you for a few moments on the approaching Election of Representative to Congress, in the words of truth and soberness; not to emblazon the reputation of one Candidate or to tarnish the fame of the other. Those heartless encomiums that are bestowed upon a favorite, and those still more heartless slanders that are heaped upon an opponent in electioneering communications, are deservedly contemptible in the minds of all reflecting men. It is to be hoped that the days are passed in this country when an individual is to be crushed by unmeaning slang, and the application of those opprobrious epithets, which did so much injury in the days of party violence. Let it never be forgotten that to anonymous pieces written by designing men in secret no responsibility is attached. The corrupt and the profligate may distract a community, may harrow up prejudices by false and odious insinuations; but GOD grant that the sober, the rational, the thinking may not be contaminated, deluded, led astray.

When the late Convention nominated Mr. WHITMAN for Congress, they must have anticipated that the public papers would teem with every species of slander, billingsgate and falsehood. They were attacked with it even before they had left the Court-house. The candidate was charged with aiding and abetting in every obnoxious measure that had taken place since his boyish days. He was boldly accused of giving sanction to measures in which he had no more agency than the child unborn, and of entertaining sentiments which never entered his mind. The delegates in the course of the campaign, have realized their anticipations. Charges after charges have been brought against his political course, without regard to decency or truth. One would think that at the time Gov. Strong refused to call out the militia, and place them under the officers of the United States, Mr. Whitman was his counsellor, and dictated his course; and not in fact what he really was, a youngster of twenty-three years of age, just commencing his professional labors in the village of Norway. The real truth is that at that time Mr. Whitman was not even a member of the Legislature, and gave no more countenance to that measure, right or wrong, than did every other citizen of the State. At the age of 24 years he was elected a member of the Legislature, and acted with the Federal party, and if he voted for any measure, which riper years and more mature judgment would condemn, one would think that his subsequent course would show his purity of intention, if unfortunate in judgment at the time. Another sin brought against him is that he made a speech in the Legislature of Massachusetts, against the assumption of the Direct Tax, and voted against it; now the real truth is that Mr. Whitman was not present when that question was discussed, nor did he ever vote upon it; but at the time was at home, in Norway. One other charge against him is that he uniformly opposed the Separation of Maine from Massachusetts. Whether this charge can be considered as involving any moral or political turpitude or not, it is not true. In 1816 Mr. Whitman was among those who believed that the time had not yet arrived when it would be for the interest of this section of Massachusetts to become an independent State, and opposed it; but in 1819 when the question was finally decided, he was among the friends of the measure. Since the year 1816, Mr. Whitman has not been a member of any Legislative Assembly, but has uniformly co-operated with his fellow-citizens in all those measures, which have been esteemed by all the friends of our National and State Governments. Whether Mr. Whitman has acted honestly in all this is not for me to say, for I avow myself his personal friend; but it is for you to judge who have been acquainted with him. An appeal is confidently made to the liberal and enlightened citizens of Oxford whether Mr. Whitman could ever have been considered a man of violent party feelings at any time; but on the contrary has he not always been open, frank and liberal with whatever party he might act? Another charge brought against Mr. Whitman by his calumniators, and one which most wounds the feelings of his friends, is that brought by a correspondent in the last *Observer*, whose pen seems to be doubly dipped in gaul, charging him with mistaking one *offence* for *another*, and of interposing his authority as a Public Prosecutor for the avenging of *private wrongs*. It is the first charge of the kind ever brought against Mr. Whitman during the twelve years he has held his office, and that it is utterly false, every citizen in the County will bear witness. This secret calumniator dare not state this charge, and subscribe his real name. Once more, this last mentioned writer has said, that Mr. Whitman possesses a vindictive and persecuting spirit, and that there are those now suffering under his persecutions. The allusion cannot be mistaken. It refers no doubt to the removal of a certain public officer of the County, in which Mr. Whitman took an active part, and in which he was aided by the most respectable citizens in the County. Whether this proceeded from a vindictive spirit or from a wish to have an important office filled by a faithful incumbent, the citizens of the County must decide. This is a simple narration of facts and contradiction of falsehood. This is the man about whom your ears have been stunned by *certain individuals* under *a certain influence*. This is the man whom the Convention have placed before you as a Candidate for Congress. You knew him or thought you knew him well before. But you have seen and heard so much scandal heaped upon him the week or fortnight past, that it is even doubtful if you had not begun to distrust the evidence of your own senses. I do not solicit your votes for my friend. I only appear to vindicate his character against wanton and false abuse. You know the men presented to you; if you believe Mr. Whitman the most deserving, vote for him, if Gen. Ripley, vote for him. Do not be frightened from your purpose by high sounding slander, nor deceitful falsehood. Act in such a manner as that you can justify your conduct to yourselves, your children, your country, and your GOD.

TRUTH.

For the Oxford Observer.

Republicans of Oxford! The period is at hand when you will be called upon to exercise the constitutional right, of choosing a gentleman to represent you, in Congress. As I am neither swayed by envy or blinded by prejudice. I will examine with candor the principles of those presented for your suffrages, and leave it to your cool and enlightened judgments to determine the question, *who shall receive your votes?* Two candidates have been offered for your selection.

On the one hand is presented LEVI WHITMAN—brought up in the school of federal politics; the associations of his early years, his intercourse in manhood, and the whole current of his education, have given to him a mode and a train of thinking, altogether opposed to the plain, consistent doctrines of Republicanism; and though I could respect the man in every domestic and social relation of life, I would urge it upon you to array yourselves against his political heresies and to drive them from you as the bane of society.—An open opposer of the principles of Democracy, he would prefer a strong, to an honest government, and if elected, I fear he would barter the pride of right, for the petty interests of his party.

On the other hand is offered for your suffrages, JAMES W. RIPLEY, a firm, consistent, unwavering Republican, a man of capacity, integrity and experience, who will undeviatingly pursue that system of policy and course of measures, which will contribute to the safety and honor of the nation. Has he not faithfully represented you in the Senate of this State, and have you not found him a fast friend to the Institutions of Republicanism? Have you not often constituted him the guardian of your interests, and has he ever violated your trust? And who are the men that would drive you from your political allegiance by the syren song of *amalgamatio* are goading on their friends to terrible exertion, to deprive you of the services of this faithful public servant? Are they not Hartford Convention federalists—men who retaining the aristocratic prejudices of their party, have scoffed at your principles and accused you of the basest of motives—men who have disregarded *your* best interests, who have boldly questioned the sincerity of your intentions, who have exhausted every artifice and stratagem to weaken and subdue you, and who would now prey upon your political reputation?—"their zeal begins with hypocrisy and must conclude in treachery,"—and these are the men, who pretend to regard the *sacred honor* of your country.

Though the Federalists are aiming by the cry of amalgamation, (an insidious, a dishonorable mode of warfare,) to rise into consequence and advance their private interests, beware, I caution you, of such pretended friends, for they are engaged in a crusade against your rights, and it is only a new form they would assume to array you against each other, and thereby awe you into servility—they would let into your government, principles and precedents dangerous to liberty, and would overleap without remorse the very barriers of the Constitution. The principles of Democracy can *alone* give stability to our free institutions, for they are principles of the revolution, forcibly appealing to the hearts of men, and are the only legitimate foundations of national prosperity—"they distribute a freedom unmingled with licentiousness, and felt rather than seen, pervade every avenue of public happiness;" and these are the principles that have been trodden in the dust by the very men, who now ask your support, and who are proclaiming on the house tops the arrival of the political millennium; and can you amalgamate with those who have endeavored thus to brand you with dishonor, whose purpose it is to flatter, but not to serve you, and who stand preeminent as the friends of misrule? You owe it to yourselves, you owe it to your country, you owe it to the welfare of the Republican party to spurn them from your embrace—if you would be the faithful guardians of public liberty, if you would reason from the experience of former times, you will not place confidence in the professions of men, "who flatter only to betray."

"Be just and fear not;
"Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
"Thy God's and Truth's."

Republicans! The second Monday of September approaches. On that day let not the spirit of indifference paralyze your efforts, but with cool, deliberate reflection exercise your elective privilege. Success has heretofore attended your exertions, let nothing therefore reconcile you to inaction or break the links of your political union; but persevere in the good work in which you are engaged with steady courage. Be not lulled into security by the soft zephyrs of *Federal amalgamation*, for they are only the calm that precedes a storm. At a crisis so eventful as the present, when the *self-styled* friends of order and good government are aiming to destroy your equality of rights, apathy would be criminal; and as the path of duty is plain before you, take courage from the justice of your cause and devote one day to the imperious claims of your country—throng fearlessly to the polls on the *Eleventh of September*, and let not designing Federalism seize the reins of power, but *there* commit your national interests to a man of unsuspected integrity, a man who will contend for the ascendency of Republican principles, and from whom you have had "the most honorable proofs of his attachment to the people." Give your united suffrages to

JAMES W. RIPLEY,

to represent you in Congress, and the political character of your District will continue bright and unsullied. Be firm! Be vigilant! and your success will be certain. JEFFERSON.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—How easy it is to make a Great Man on paper—to draw a fine picture; but after all, these paper characters are nothing but pictures.—It is very easy for a man who has *cunning* connexions to get himself painted very handsomely.

The object of Gen. RIPLEY's friends is, to Swear him a great man on paper; to attribute to him qualities which he does not possess, in order to excite an influence in his favor in the Eastern part of the County, which they labor in vain to raise in the Western part where he is known. The real truth is, that where Gen. RIPLEY lives and is known, he cannot secure a majority of votes—This is the object of all this great parade of *words and wind*.

He was formerly elected Representative from Fryeburg once or twice, but he has been repeatedly run down there, and he now cannot obtain a majority of the votes in that town for any office.—He is indebted to the Eastern part of the County for all his honors. I do not mean to say that there is not a party who give him their support in the Western part of Oxford. I know there is a *little band of office-seekers* who put him up for every thing they can, to-

cause as yet he is the most popular of their number and does all he can for their interest. What are his pretensions to the office for which he is nominated? As to his early education I know nothing of it, but presume that when a boy he was sent to some academy as is stated—subsequently he served an apprenticeship in some counting room, I believe that of Seth Spring & Son, in Saco.——In 1809 or '10 he set up a crockery-ware store in Portland, if I recollect right—and was then *a decided* FEDERALIST, not *Hartford Convention* Federalist, *but one of Christopher Gore and Caleb Strong's firmest adherents*, and remained so until the organization of the old Circuit Court of Common Pleas, when he and other *Great* and *Learned* men in Oxford changed their political views. He continued in Portland about two years, and then quit business and came to Fryeburg, where he has been ever since, doing little or nothing, except as he has been put forward to office by his friends.—It is well know by all those who know any thing about Gen. Ripley, that he is an inefficient man in his own private business.—Let us examine him as a public man. I will take one instance of his public life, which his friends are very careful to keep out of sight, because they know that the County have much experience on the subject. This man was Major General of the Oxford Militia, about two years. His friends availing themselves of his standing in the Senate, got him chosen to this office. What did he do? He never even procured a uniform; he knew nothing about the duties of the office and he cared nothing about them. He never once visited his troops, and excepting that his election was announced in the papers, his Division would never have known their commander.—This is precisely the man; he paid as much attention to this office as he ever has to any public office, with the exception that when elected Representative or Senator, *he goes and takes his seat, and afterwards takes his pay.*

Now, this is the truth, and this is the man that is brought before us as Candidate for Congress.

The Hon. Mr. HOLLAND was certainly a more useful Senator than Gen. Ripley, and yet he is not brought forward.—Gen. STEEL was an active officer and a more active Senator than Mr. Ripley, and he is not brought forward—and *why* not? The answer is plain: because they had no *trumpetters in the Caucus room to blow their fame*—no *musicians* on the Court-house steps to sing their *praise.*

Fellow-citizens of the Centre and East, think before you act. Do not again be imposed upon.

A LOOKER ON.

For the Oxford Observer.

Republican Electors—Is Mr. WHITMAN a Republican or is he not? that is the question. Will you give your support for a man who is a Republican in principle and practice, or for one who is not? The supporters of Mr. Whitman say that he is a Republican. Now ask yourselves, is it not most manifest that he has been uniformly hostile to Republicans? Has he not been opposed to the National Government from an early period to the present time? *Did he not advocate and vote for the Hartford Convention?* Is it denied? Do not his warmest advocates admit it? And has not his whole life been a tissue of similar measures? I will not knowingly wrong him, nor even give a coloring to his conduct. If these charges are not true, why in the name of common sense are they not shone to be false? They are too true? They stand ratified and confirmed by evidence unquestionable! How then do his friends undertake to remove these difficulties, the truth of which they tacitly admit? They apologize for him, on the ground, that he was then a young man led away by partizans whom he now condemns. A lame apology if true, but it is false. He does not condemn his former associates, and I boldly and solemnly put it to his friends to answer, Has he ever condemned his former course? Has he even suffered the least expression of regret to escape him? Has he at any time, on any occasion, to any individual, made the slightest admission that his own conduct was the result of inexperience, ignorance or mistake? Has he even ever said that Gov. Strong and the opposition were in an error? *It is strange, it is passing strange*, that he has renounced his former principles and his former friends, and *that his nearest neighbors both Federal and Republican have never heard of it!!* On the contrary it is notorious that his active opposition held out *so long as there was the least hope.* He became *still from despair. His mouth was closed by the omnipotence of public sentiment.* He retired from the political arena. Public measures to him lost their charm. In the sullen garb of disappointment and desperation he wrapped himself and disdained, to mingle with his fellow-citizens at their elections. Town meetings he avoided—the very name of Republican was grating to his ear. In this chrysolis state he remained brooding over the blasted hopes of his fallen party, when lo! just at the moment a successor to Mr. Lincoln is wanted, he bursts forth on the astonished public, *a pure, perfect, full-grown Republican.*

A YEOMAN.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—A writer in your last paper proposes a series of questions and furnishes his own answers; and to show what credit is to be given to the writer, and to test his veracity let me take one only.

He asks "by whom was LEVI WHITMAN nominated for Congress?" and answers, "by ten of his old *Hartford Convention* Federal friends, who unasked and uninvited, were modestly thrust upon a Republican Convention, and by the votes of as many more unwary recruits, drawn from the ranks of Republican consistency." I take this question and answer to show how easy it is to apply *Hartford Convention* to every one without discrimination, and how easy it is to abuse the most decided and inflexible Republicans, if they do not come into the views of hot-headed *office holders and office seekers.* How stands the fact, whether there was one Federalist or ten in the Convention I do not know, nor do I believe that your correspondent knows. The Convention was Republican, and so have all the Conventions in this County been since the Separation. If there were Federalists present they came not to oppose, but to aid in making the best selection of officers.—It is not questioned but that Messrs. Washburn and Grover are Republicans, and yet the same Convention composed, as this writer would have it, of Hartford Convention Federalists, and public minded Republicans, nominated them almost unanimously. If there be a Federal opposition in the County, why do we not hear them exclaiming against the nomination of these men; but we do not hear a word, and they will be elected unanimously. I ask where is the consistency of this writer, and where is the consistency of all those who oppose Mr. Whitman's election?—One word more: *those men who nominated Mr. Whitman were not* [Federalists] *as has been stated, but were the oldest and most decided Republicans* in the Convention, while those who supported Gen. Ripley, were the *younger and more inexperienced* part of the Convention.

REAL FACT.

MR. EDITOR,—Found near the Court-house and forwarded for insertion in your paper.

INQUIRER.

No. II.

For the Oxford Observer.

A few plain questions and answers.

Did LEVI WHITMAN assist in Adam's fall? Ans. *Yes.*

Has he committed the unpardonable sin? Ans. *Yes.*

Was he Collector of the Direct Tax? Ans. *Yes.*

Was he in the Rebellion of General Shays? Ans. *Yes.*

By whom was Levi Whitman nominated for Congress? Ans. *The Hartford Convention.*

By whom is his nomination approved? Answer. The Holy Alliance.

Who knows Levi Whitman? Answer. No body but—US.

Shall the people, if they please, elect him to go to Congress? ANS. OH, NO!!!

Who is James W. Ripley? Ans. A very great and learned man, and a Saint.

Will he go to Congress? Answer. OH, YES.

FACT, JR.

For the Oxford Observer.

MR. EDITOR,—A writer in your last paper over the signature of "Hamilton" has undertaken to introduce S. A. BRADLEY as a Candidate for Congress. Now I ask that writer to lay his hand on his heart and say, that he would vote for Mr. Bradley?—I already anticipate his answer, and am satisfied without the aid of "Scottish second sight," that the author of that piece is as *utterly opposed to Mr. Bradley*, as he is to *Mr. Whitman*; but in *despair of crowding Mr. Ripley into the office on fair principles*, he comes forward with Mr. Bradley, his "forlorn hope," endeavoring to "divide that he might conquer."—As for Mr. Bradley we *know his worth.* His abilities are prominent, his integrity unimpeachable, his knowledge of men and things are inferior to none. But after all he is brought forward without the concurrence of the Convention, and at a late period for very unjustifiable motives. He cannot at this time be elected, and that was one reason why that writer set him up, and *he knew that* to a moral certainty, when he wrote his communication. I then ask, shall Mr. Whitman be deprived of the votes he would have received on honorable grounds by such conduct as this? Forbid it the dignity of Oxford, forbid it integrity and honor. Electors, I trust in GOD you will forbid it. And let all the people say, Amen.

JUSTICE.

A writer in the Massachusetts Yeoman, ascribes the excess of flies, worms, bugs, and grasshoppers, to the general destruction of birds. And gives an instance of very great benefit experienced by an individual by encouraging robbins in his garden.

Among the subscribers, at Washington, to Mr. Reynold's proposed voyage of discovery, are the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy, the Post-Master General, Gen. Macomb, and a number of respectable citizens.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS....THURSDAY....SEPT. 7....1826.

Nominations.

ELECTION, MONDAY, SEPT. 11, 1826.

For Governor,
HON. ENOCH LINCOLN.

For Representative,
JAMES W. RIPLEY.
LEVI WHITMAN.

For Senators,
REUEL WASHBURN,
JOHN GROVER.

For County Treasurer,
HENRY RUST.

For Register of Deeds,
Eastern District,
ALANSON MELLEN.

PARIS TOWN MEETING

For Governor, Senators, and Representative, will commence at 11 o'clock A. M.

For Representative to Congress to fill vacancy, at 1 o'clock P. M.

For Representative to 20th Congress, at 2 o'clock P. M.

For Treasurer and Register of Deeds, at 3 o'clock P. M.

For Town Business, at 4 o'clock P.M.

As the present number of our paper closes the electioneering campaign, we have a word to say to our Correspondents. We have obliged them and we hope the public, by what has been published. We now ask them to oblige us and themselves in return. It is not in the nature of man to be always at war, and for ourselves we frankly admit that peace is more congenial with our taste.

The attention of our correspondents is now invited to other subjects. They have proved that they are no despicable soldiers, politically speaking, and we should be gratified to learn they can be the votaries of Minerva as well as of Mars. Nothing indeed would be more acceptable than that some good portion of time, talent and genius should be directed to the cause of morals, science and literature. Can it be a question whether these subjects are of more importance to the world than the elevation of an individual to a temporary office? And yet much force of mind has been expended on this latter object, while the former, which is calculated to produce an effect, not for the present moment merely, but for all future time, scarce gathers the tribute of a passing remark. We find no fault with our correspondents nor the public, for the interest of our Autumnal elections. Vigilance and watchfulness in relation to elections, and to public men and measures, are safeguards of liberty and pledges of its continuance. We wish to say only that our friends have discharged their duty in the political field, and we now desire that they would not suffer their laurels to fade in inglorious ease, while other objects worthy the highest efforts of the highest minds, demand their attention, and would well reward their toil. We therefore extend an invitation to genius to come forward. The cause of science and literature is the cause of no party, no time, no country; it is not a creature of "points and parallels," but the cause of man of all times and of all countries. It unites and will forever unite the great and the good "over the face of the whole earth," from the earliest to the latest period, in one sublime work of human advancement. We always rejoice to see emanating from such a principle, warming and cheering talents, however obscure, and it would be our pride as well as pleasure, instead of witnessing the waste of intellect in our County, in negligence or frivolity, to be able to say in the language of a well known poet—

"Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

Several communications are unavoidably omitted for want of room.

☞Town Clerks will confer a favor by forwarding, free of Postage, a list of votes at an early period.

WHITE HILLS. It is generally known, that a large mass of earth near the Notch, had descended from the side of the hill, and blocked up the road. We have a verbal account of another similar occurrence, attended with circumstances which excite alarm. The rains for some time previous have been copious and on Monday night, of last week, came down in torrents. On Tuesday morning people were astonished at an immense mass of earth piled in stupendous array near the house of Mr. Willey, the tavern-keeper. Curiosity and fear called numbers to the spot—When they entered the house of Mr. Willey, it was found tenantless. The family consisted of the landlord and wife, five children, two hired girls and a hired man—not one of whom was to be found or heard of. The horse and wagon were missing, which gave rise to a supposition that they had either escaped or were buried under the incumbent mass—Search was immediately commenced. Hundreds were roused, and continued their search on Tuesday and Wednesday without success—at which time our informant left. We hope, that further information will prove the alarm groundless, which the foregoing statement is calculated to excite.

Communicated for the Observer.

Bethel, Aug. 30, 1826.

REMARKABLE HAILSTORM. On Thursday, 27th ultimo, between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. a dark cloud, accompanied with lightning and thunder, was seen approaching from the S. W. in a direction for the northwest corner of Greenwood, and at this place, it soon commenced raining, with some hail. The cloud had passed about midway over the place, when it was obliquely struck by a southeast gale, which changed its course to a northwest direction. While thus partially arrested in its progress, and involving itself within its own dark and pregnant folds, it poured forth, from that portion which seemed to be the centre of compression, and, for a few minutes, to hang stationary, a shower of rain and hail, almost surpassing credibility. The area of ground over which this doubly charged portion of the cloud vented its contents, was of the width of about fifty rods, and its length has not been traced to a much greater distance. The hail and rain stood in the lower parts of the ground, at the depth of two and more feet. A large proportion of the hailstones were of the size of a robbin's egg, and fell on a level, four and five inches deep. In its decent it stripped the corn of its leaves, and prostrated and separated the tops of potatoes and vines from their roots. The tender melons wore the deep impressions of a powerful and deadly warfare, and the fences exhibited marks like the indentings of spent bullets. The hailstones, which had been washed from the surrounding eminences and lodged against fences, were found on the following morning in masses of cart-loads, and to the depth of eighteen inches; some of which were seen sixty-five hours after the shower.

We are informed, by Mr. Jechonias Thayer, who has just arrived in town, that on the evening of the 24th, about 9 o'clock off Petite Monon Light, the Steam-brig New-York, Capt. Harrod, (on board of which Mr. Thayer was passenger,) was discovered to be on fire, and was entirely consumed, together with all the baggage of the passengers. The passengers had barely time to escape in the boats, and landed at Petite Monan Island. Within ten minutes from the time the fire was discovered, every person on board was compelled to abandon the vessel. Mr. Milo J. Whiton, of Lee, a passenger on board, lost his trunk, containing $1800. Mr. Thayer lost his baggage. Names of the passengers on board, viz:—Mr. Frederick Greene, of S. Brunswick; E. Greele, Portland; Lot Wiswell, Cambridge; J. J. Sherwood, Portland; Milo J. Whiton, Lee; Jechonias Thayer, Boston; Henry Parmelee, do.; A. M. Whitington; Mrs. T. O Allen, and child, Lubec; Miss H. C. Little, Kennebunk; Miss Sally Tucker, do.—[M. H. B.] *Bost. States.*

Splendid Marriage Contract.—It was matter of considerable surprise that President BOLIVAR remained so long at Lima, after the object of his patriotic visit was accomplished; but is now, if we may credit a report in one of the morning papers, happily explained. The illustrious Liberator was detained by the silken cords of love, and actually employed in exchanging vows of enduring affection, and forming a marriage covenant with one of our republican beauties from Connecticut. Letters from Lima state that the deliverer of South America has entered into a marriage contract with Miss AUGUSTA HART of Saybrook, (Conn.) sister of the lady of Commodore HULL, and sister of the lady of the Hon. HEMAN ALLEN, our Minister to Chili. Miss Hart is one of seven sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. If this be true, it is the greatest *match* (as they say in Connecticut) ever known in this or that country. We hope his Excellency will come to the United States and consummate the contract by marriage at Saybrook in the good old republican way.

N. Y. Statesman.

PROBATE NOTICE.....*Extra.*

NOTICE is hereby given, that, in consequence of the ill health of the JUDGE, the Courts of Probate to be holden at Rumford, Dixfield, Canton, Livermore and Turner, on the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth days of September, in the present month, are respectively adjourned to the fourth Tuesday of September instant, at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, at which time and place a Court of Probate will be held. Per order of the Judge.

THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*

Probate Office, Paris, Sept. 5, 1826.

HAY FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale twenty or twenty five tons of Good HAY, for Cash or approved Credit.—ALSO, eight last spring PIGS. JOHN DANIELS, Jr.

Paris, Aug. 26, 1826. 113

AUCTION BARGAINS!

G. C. LYFORD,

(*At No. 6, Boyd's Buildings, Middle-street.*)

HAS purchased at the late Sheriffs' Sales in this town, a large lot of

PRIME GOODS,

which he is selling ☞*unusually low.*☜

—AMONG THE NEW GOODS ARE—

1000 yards LIGHT CALICOES from 12 1-2 cts. to 25 cts.
1000 yards LIGHT CALICOES from 20 cts. to 37 1-2 cts.
850 yards DARK CALICOES from 15 cts. to 25 cts.
3-4 RED RAW SILK MANTLES from $4 to $4 50.
4-4 RED Raw Silk MANTLES from $5 to $6.
6-4 WHITE Raw Silk MANTLES from $4 to $5.
1000 yds. SEA ISLAND SHIRTINGS from 17 cts. to 20 cts.

Ladies' Slate, White and Black WORSTED HOSE,—Plain and figur'd BOMBAZETTS,—RATTINETTS,——FLANNELS.——BOBBINETT,—FOOTING & THREAD LACES, &c.&c.

—ALSO—

A *Prime Lot* of BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES, at prices lower than ever before offered in this town.

Portland, Aug. 8, 1826. 6w 110

TICKETS

IN the *Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery*, which draws next Wednesday,

$10,000 Highest Prize,

for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore.*

☞NOW IS THE TIME.☜

Sept. 7.

NOTICE.

THE Committee appointed by the Supreme Judicial Court to view the route for a new Road, from the West end of Lewistown Bridge, in Danville, in the County of Cumberland, through Minot, Turner, Livermore, Jay and Wilton, to the upper Meeting-House in Farmington, as petitioned for by Moses Hanscom and others, and also to view another route from said upper Meeting-House in Farmington, thence to Wilton, at Butterfield's Mills, and through Jay and Livermore, by Chenery's Mills, thence down near the the Androscoggin River, by Cushman's Mills in Leeds, to the West of Clark's mountain in Green, thence to Lewistown Falls, Danville, a corner of Durham, and Pownal, near to Edward Thompson, as prayed for by Oliver Herrick and others—hereby give notice to the several towns above named, and to all individuals interested, that they will view said routes, commencing at the place first mentioned, on *Wednesday* the 13th SEPTEMBER next, at 12 o'clock M. and proceed through said towns in the order above stated.

By order of the viewing Committee.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, *Chairman.*

Aug. 31, 1826. 114

SCHOOL.

THERE is a *SCHOOL* to be open next MONDAY, Sept. 4th, at *Poland Corner*, in which will be taught all the Branches usually taught in our Academies—By Jabez C. Woodman. Terms as liberal as at any Academy in the State. *Aug.* 31, 1826.

MILITARY.

FOR sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Scott's Militia Tactics;

Also—1 pair good Eppaulletts.

—LIKEWISE—

Legers for Debt and Credit on the same page—Day Books—Record Books, &c.—Sponge—India Rubber—Lead Pencils—Drawing Paper, &c. *Sept.* 7.

KENNEBEC BILLS.

THE subscriber will take BILLS on the *Kennebec Bank*, at a discount.

Also—BILLS on the *Vassalborough Bank*, at par, for Debts or Goods, if offered immediately. ASA BARTON, *Agent.*

Sept. 7.

To the Honorable Legislature of the State of Maine.

WE the undersigned, your Petitioners, Inhabitants of Dixfield, beg leave to represent, that it would greatly benefit and accommodate the towns of Dixfield and Mexico, by setting off from the town of Dixfield and annexing to the town of Mexico, all that part of said Dixfield south and west of the following described line, to wit; beginning at Canton line between the fourth and fifth Range, thence running westerly on said Range line to lot line between fourteen and fifteen, thence northerly on said lot line to Plantation No. 4; and we would beg leave further to represent that the towns of Dixfield and Mexico have, by a very large majority, voted what your Petitioners now ask: We therefore petition your Honors to set off and annex the aforesaid part of Dixfield to said town of Mexico, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

JOHN MARBLE, JUN.
and 75 others.

A true Copy:
Attest, NATH'L LOW, *Sec'y of the Senate.*

STATE OF MAINE.

In Senate, February 2d, 1826.

ON the Petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That the Petitioners cause an attested Copy of their Petition, with this Order thereon, to be published in the "*Oxford Observer*," a Paper printed in Paris, three weeks successively, the last publication to be sixty days, at least, before the first Wednesday of the first session of the next Legislature, that all persons interested, may then appear and shew cause, (if any they have,) why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Sent down for concurrence.

JONAS WHEELER, *President.*

In the House of Representatives, Feb. 2d, 1826.

Read and concurred.

JOHN RUGGLES, *Speaker.*

A true Copy:
Attest, NATH'L LOW, *Sec'y of the Senate.*

114

FOR Sale by ASA BARTON, *Agent*, *PARASOLS*—VERY LOW.

Sept. 7.

THE BOWER.

[From the New-York Statesman.]

THE SPECTRE WARRIOR.

On the night previous to the battle of Lexington, a stranger Warrior, mounted on a spirited charger, rode furiously through the streets of some of the principal towns in the vicinity of Boston, giving the intelligence that the British troops had left that city on their march to Concord. He waited for no salutation—no one knew him—but he gave the alarm, and passed on. From the circumstance of the alarm being given in such wide and various directions, at the same time, in the same singular manner, and by apparently the same person—it was looked upon by many as an interposition of Providence in behalf of the Colonists. Such at least was the tradition; and long was the Spectre Warrior remembered, when the scenes of '76 were recounted by the winter's fireside.

Heard you not that war-horse trampling!
Heard you not that iron tread!
When the earth and skies are darkling—
Sounds like these might rouse the dead!
Hark! that shout, it swells to heaven,
Loud as pealing thunders roar;
When the mountain oak is riven—
These the thrilling sounds it bore—

'Rouse, ye slumberers! sleep no longer,
Foemen's feet are on their way:—
Wake to glory, wake to danger,
Gird you to the bloody fray.
Even now their bayonets glancing,
Mock the shroud of murky night;
Hark! the squadrons proudly prancing,
Guides the hero to the fight!

'Slumberers, wake! away to battle—
Nerve your heart, and nerve your arm;
Hear you not the war-drums rattle!
Hear you not the dread alarm?—
Wait you till your wives and daughters
Victims fall before your eye?
Till your towering spires—your altars,
Low in smoking ruins lie?

'Sleep you when red ruin lowers
O'er your friends, your hearths, your home?
Is there one whose spirit cowers?
Bid the wretch in slavery roam!
Sleep no longer—grasp your weapon!
Pledge at Freedom's shrine your life!
Bathe with blood the ground you meet on,
Triumph waits the glorious strife!

'Sleep you when the chains are clanking,
Which oppressors forge for you?
When the tyrant's hate is rankling—
Hate which pardon never knew!
See—where yonder clouds are breaking,
Star-lit banners wave on high!
Follow them, and proudly waking,
Freemen live, or conquerors die!

'Sleep no longer—wake to glory!
Bid the haughty foe come on;
Teach him Freedom's soil is gory,
Strike the blow at Lexington.
Strike as patriots born for freedom—
Men who've sworn they will be free—
Burst the servile chains that wreath you;
Strike for God! for Liberty!

'By your sires' unconquer'd spirit!
By the green turf o'er their graves!
By the rights you hero inherit—
Swear to never live as slaves!'
The trampling pass'd on—the sounds died away—
But the patriot flew to the field;
And ere the next sun show'd the close of the day
With his blood had our liberty seal'd!

W. G.

A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

Happy the man in times like these,
Who trims his sails to every breeze,
To every gale still veering;
Who to promote his private ends,
Won't scruple to desert his friends,
Still by his interest steering.

O! could I trim with trimming men,
I'd turn and turn, and turn again,
With every change still trimming;
Like Bray's fam'd vicar, I would ride
Forever with the strongest side,
Still with the current swimming.

And should intrusive conscience still
In secret goadings thwart the will,
Like him, I'd bravely doff it;
Leave fame and honor far behind,
Though dear to every noble mind,
And barter all for profit.

What's honor's proud and crusty creed,
To him who stands of cash in need,
Or him in search of place?
What's independence to a mind
To wise servility inclined,
And fearless of disgrace:

What virtue dwells in empty fame?
And what's the value of a name,
To any but a novice?
What's reputation, friendship, pride,
Compar'd with fortune's flowing tide
With party, power and office?

The pliant, Patriot, trimming tribe,
Who wisely take the official bribe,
To better their condition;
Now sweeping for the pop'lar gale,
All former friends and creeds assail,
And curse the opposition.

THE OLIO.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Life and Times of Frederic Reynolds.

Frederic Reynolds was the fourth, and youngest son of Mr. Reynolds, an eminent solicitor, who numbered Lord Chatham and Wilkes among his clients. His mother's name was West; and he was sent into this breathing world on the 1st of November, 1764; though not like Richard, "half made up," for he seems to have been, from the egg, a merry and clever fellow, as child, boy, and man.

The memoirs, which are dedicated to the King, and whimsically enough, stated to have been written under medical prescription to cure the author of a nervous disease, (heretofore we have always found book-making induce, not remedy this kind of complaint)—the memoirs are full of anecdotes; and as they will not be in the hands of the public so soon as this notice, we shall make it our affair to draw from Vol. I. a fair selection of its most amusing contents:

Mr. Reynolds, the solicitor, received with Miss West a fortune of five thousand pounds; this we have on good authority, for his son tells us—"This sum, a little fortune in those days, I know was paid, because at the back of the marriage settlement, I recollect having read the following receipt in my father's writing:—"August 12th, 1752. Received the sum of 5,000*l.* being the consideration-money for the purposes within mentioned."—Now, as many, in the simplicity of their hearts, may not understand for what "*purposes*" this "consideration-money" was paid, allow me to state that a sale at Cupid's auction mart, is conducted like sales at other marts; viz. by paying a deposit, before the title is inspected."

Wilkes was one of their most frequent visitors—"Wilkes was then, certainly, one of the most popular men in England, and consequently had an easy part to play in the drama of life. The highest condescensions from him, were esteemed by us boys, as adequate to continued services from another, and to even his most sarcastic remarks we should not have ventured a reply. As for me, I believe on his departure I must have sunk under a "green and yellow melancholy," had not his daughter, on whom he doated, and with whom he constantly corresponded, remained. This young lady had in her possession several entertaining *jeux d' esprit* and memoranda of her father. Among them, I recollect the following:—"Dr. Johnson, in the principles of etymology prefixed to his dictionary, asserts that "*h* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable."—Shortly after this publication of this novel orthographical doctrine, Wilkes sent the doctor this ingenious and amusing badinage:—"The *p-hilosopher w-ho* so *rig-idly* made *t-his* remark must have been a *p-hilogist*, *wit-h* a *c-hoice*, *t-houg-htful*, and *compre-hensive* genius, and a mind'*in-herently appre-hensive* and *pit-hy*." The abashed *lexicograp-her* for many years neither forgot nor forgave this playful attack." "

"Whilst we lived in the Adelphi, Garrick was our opposite neighbor, and my father's intimate acquaintance. We frequently used to meet him in John-street, and join the little circle collected by his most amusing conversational talents. One wet day, I remember Garrick overtaking my father and me, in the most miry part of the city. After the usual salutations, he pointed to our white stockings, (he himself being booted,) and asked us, if we had ever heard the story of the Lord Chancellor Northington? On our reply in the negative, he told us, that one rainy afternoon, his Lordship plainly dressed, walking in Parliament-street, picked up a handsome ring, which, according to custom, (in past, and I believe in present times,) was immediately claimed by a gentleman ring dropper, who, on receiving his lost treasure, appeared so joyful and grateful, that he insisted on the unknown finder accompanying him to an adjoining coffee house, to crack a bottle at his (the ring gentleman's) expense. Being in the humor for a joke, Lord Northington acceded, and followed him to the coffee house, where they were shown into a private room, and over the bottle for a time discussed different topics. At length they were joined by certain confederates; and then hazard being proposed, the Chancellor heard one whisper to another—"Damn the loaded dice—he is not worth the trouble—*pick the old fiat's pockets at once!*" On this, the Lord Chancellor discovered himself, and told them, if they would frankly confess why they were induced to suppose him so enormous a flat, he would probably forget their present misdemeanor. Instantly, with all due respect, they replied, "We beg your Lordship's pardon; but whenever we see a gentleman in *white* stockings on a *dirty* day, we consider him a capital pigeon, and pluck his feathers, as we hoped to have plucked your Lordship's." "Now," added Garrick, "leaving you, gentlemen, to deduce the application, I do myself the honor of wishing you a very good morning." "

Of the night when Garrick bid farewell to the stage, the following is the account:

"My brother Jack and I, after waiting two hours, succeeded at length in entering the pit. But the commencement of the evening was somewhat unfortunate to my brother, who during the struggle in the pit passage, not only had his watch stolen, but so completely lost his temper, that, on the detection of the thief, who immediately offered to restore the property, Jack, instead of receiving it, with all the fury of an enraged young lawyer, determined to have the stolen goods found on him. Accordingly he seized him, and shouted for police officers—in vain; the crowd voluntarily prevented a possibility of their interference. In this dilemma, Jack's rage not abating, he continued to drag forward the culprit, till they arrived at the paying place. Here came the 'tug of war;' for the rush and pressure allowing no delay, the money-taker vociferously demanded the cash, when the *sharp* having none, the *flat* having no alternative but to pay for him. Made more desperate by this additional loss, Jack now dragged the thief into the pit, and again called loudly for police officers, who at length came, though somewhat late; for, owing to the increased confusion, the bird had at length broken from Jack and had flown!—not only with the watch, but as, at that time, money was returned, on crowded nights, probably with three shillings into the bargain. Thus, Jack not content with having his pocket picked, picked his own pocket.—Though a side box close to where we sat was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry, *vi et armis*—'Shut the door, box-keeper!' loudly cried some of the party—'There's room by the powers!' cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row rose, and exclaimed, 'Turn out that blackguard!' 'Oh, and is that your mode, honey? coolly retorted the Irishman; 'come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith you coward, and *shillaly* you through the lobby!' This public insult left the tenant in possession no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round and cried, '*I'll talk to you after the play is over.*' "

In the time of Oliver Cromwell, various confiscations of property took place in Ireland. Among the rest, Capt. Dennis McCarty was deprived of his estate, situated in Needham, in Ulster. On the restoration, he presented to the King and Parliament the following petition:—

"I, Dennis McCarty, a poor, indigent, deplorable, lamentable, miserable, needy, distressed, wretched, forlorn, friendless, unfortunate, misfortunate senator; fellow, lover, coadjutor and contemporary, student, scholar, learner, follower, admirer and friend to the tuneful Nine and Heliconian Choir; do expostulate, beg, pray, beseech, seriously entreat and implore your Majesties, Excellencies, Highnesses, Mightinesses, Worships, Grandees, and Honors, to pity, bemoan and compassionate me, who am descended, extracted, sprang, derived and originated, from the most mighty, most reformed, and most accomplished of the race, stock, lineage, genealogy and generation of the brave and bold, daring and courageous Timothy McTeague, McBeasell, McShone, McTagus, O'Gee, and the regal, royal, martial, warlike, grand McCarty's of the County Kerry; who formerly did, and anciently in times past, hitherto and evermore, heretofore, henceforth, ever and always, kept my abode, dwelling, being, habitation, noble court, mansion house, and stately palace, in the parish of Needham, where I was Governor, Generalissimo and Justice of the Peace; and where I kept an open and hospitable house, for all ranks, sects, sorts and sizes of people, for men, women and children—those that come from east, west, north and south—from this way, that way and every way; but by the greatest force, compulsion, tyranny, cruelty, usurpation and barbarity, was turned out, kicked out, tumbled out, made to run out, and to trot out; and my said estate is far alienated, transferred and made over from me and my benefit, for ever. Therefore I humbly pray your Majesties, Excellencies, Highnesses, Mightinesses, Worships, Grandees and Honors, to pity me, by giving me something, or any thing, or every thing, to help me buy bread and brandy, clothes and tobacco, and your petitioner, either kneeling, stooping, standing, sitting, going, riding, walking, or flying,—mad, drunk, or sober, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c. &c.

DENNIS McCARTY.

A Lawyer's Story. Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger.

A Lawyer would tell you the story something in this way:—"And that whereas, the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of said Richard, in the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, cuts, damages and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins, and heels of the said Richard, with divers sticks, staves, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, guns, dirks, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches of him the said Thomas."

Original Anecdote. A traveller wanting a direction to the house of a friend, inquired of an honest Hibernian, whom he saw at work in his field, if he know where Mr. ——'s house was. "Arrah, now, and to be sure I do, (replied the paddy,) and I'll be after telling you. Do you go on about sixty rods 'till you come to a bridge, and then turn over the bridge, and when you have turned the bridge over, turn the river up stream, and you'll soon come to a barn, and by my soul, now, that is the house."—*Port. Gaz.*

The brave but eccentric Gen. Lee, had so little regard to the rules of politeness and civility, that he always spoke his opinions unreservedly, without regarding the offence or pain they might excite. Being one night at Albany, drinking with an old Scotch officer, when he began to mellow with the wine, he told his companion that he had one fault, which he begged him to overlook, which was to abuse the Scotch, when he was in liquor. "In truth," replied the officer, "I shall readily forgive your fault, if you will overlook mine; it is when I hear any person impertinently abusing Scotland or Scotchmen, when I am drunk or sober, I cannot refrain from laying my cane soundly over his shoulders. Now I will readily pardon your fault, if you will pardon mine." This seasonable hint made the General very polite the remainder of the night.—*American Museum.*

A middle aged gentleman paid his addresses to a very young lady, but when he asked her in marriage, was refused. Having acquainted a neighboring clergyman with his disappointment, he received the following laconic, Scriptural answer: "You ask and receive not, because you ask *a miss*."

A little man asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers? was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden:—A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful cane brake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her, if that was the handsomest one she saw? "Oh, no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then I was obliged to select the best that was left."

When Crowle was once on a circuit with Judge Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not *just* behind him. He replied, "I do not know, but I am sure he never was *just before*."

Mr. SPRAGUE'S EULOGY.

Just received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, the Eulogy pronounced at Hallowell, on Adams and Jefferson, by Hon. *Peleg Sprague*—second edition. *Aug.* 31

NOTICE.

As WE do not like the appearance of *Duns* for our subscription in our paper, we shall forward our bills to all of our subscribers whose subscription is due. And we earnestly solicit their attention to their payment. We shall, in short, expect all who have or may receive their bills with their paper, to pay us the amount stated, immediately, and without any further notice.

ASA BARTON, *Agent.*

Aug. 31.

SALE AT AUCTION.

WILL BE SOLD at Public Auction, by license of the Court of Probate, on *Wednesday* the 20th *September* next, at nine o'clock A. M. at the late Dwelling-house of Elijah Bates, of Paris, deceased—the personal property belonging to the estate of said deceased;

—CONSISTING OF—

10 *COWS*,
1 *Yoke of OXEN*,
3 *Pair of three-year old STEERS*,
1 *Odd three-year old STEER*,
1 *Pair of two-year old STEERS*.

(Part of the above stock is intended for Beef.)

25 *Tons of good ENGLISH HAY*;
FARMING UTENSILS;
A quantity of LUMBER;
1 *BRASS CLOCK*;
1 *SILVER WATCH*;
A variety of Articles of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c. &c.

Should the whole not be sold on said day, the Sale will be continued on the following day.

***Terms of Sale—A liberal Credit with good security.

ASAPH KITTREDGE, *Adm'r.*

Paris, Aug. 25, 1826.

Extensive Sale of Real Estate

AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

WILL be sold at *Public Auction*, in Portland, at the Hotel of C. C. Mitchell, without reserve, on the twentieth day of September next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. a Township of Land originally granted to the Agricultural Society of Massachusetts by a Resolve of the General Court, bearing date March 1, 1805, and located in September, 1807, which said township was surveyed two thirds into one hundred and sixty acre lots and the remaining third into eighty acre lots. It is situated six miles due west from the easterly boundary line of the State of Maine, and eighteen miles from the St. Johns River, and about eighty miles North East from Bangor, and bounded on the East by half townships granted to Groton and Westford Academies, and on the North by a half township originally granted to Limerick Academy, and contains about twenty three thousand acres of land more or less. This township is of the very first quality, and offers superior inducements to settlers, of which a good warrantee deed or deeds will be made. Terms liberal and made known at the sale. For further particulars apply to Fessenden & Deblois at their office, Court-street, Portland, where the plan and field book is ready for examination.

July 20, 1826. tds 109

North American Review.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent for this deservedly popular work, will receive the names of all such persons as wish for it, in this County. This work is published quarterly, and makes two octavo volumes, of about 450 pages each, at the low price of five dollars per annum.

ASA BARTON.

Paris, Aug. 31.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, by license from the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, so much of the Real Estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, deceased, as will produce the sum of sixty five dollars, for the payment of his just debts and incidental charges.—Said Real Estate consists of nineteen acres, being a part of the homestead farm of said deceased, situate in Paris aforesaid.—The sale will be on *Saturday* the twenty third day of September next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, at the Dwelling-house on the premises.

THOMAS CLARK, } *Administrator de bonis non.*

Paris, Aug. 28, 1826. 113

SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE.

FOR SALE at the *Oxford Bookstore* Scott's Family Bible, Stereotype edition, six volumes, handsomely bound—*Cheap.*

Also—Fame and Fancy, a new and popular work, 2 vols.

Grammar of Astronomy—Easy Lessons in Geography, &c. &c. *August* 24.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

Oxford, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from Elias Thomas, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty five, viz:

	$ c
Township No. 2, Second Range,	5 87
" No. 2, letter A,	7 26

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on Monday, the twenty third day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, *Sheriff of Oxford County.*

Hebron, Aug. 26, A. D. 1826. 6w 113

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons indebted to MORSE & HALL, by Note or Account, of more than Eight Months standing, are requested to make payment to them previous to the first of November next, or they will be left with an Attorney for collection.

Paris, Aug. 11, 1826. 11w 111

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, BROWN'S DROPS for Fits. This medicine has been the means of effecting several cures in this distressing disorder.

Also—La Grange's celebrated OINTMENT for the cure of *Scald Head*, and other *Cutaneous* disorders. *Aug.* 31.

A New Supply of *Ritter's* and *Pomeroy's* Metallic RAZOR STRAPS just received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*. *Aug.* 31.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six—

Ruth Fuller, of Hebron, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *JESSE FULLER*, late of Hebron, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

Ordered—That the said Ruth Fuller give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Turner, in said County, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy:

Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six—

Thomas Merrill, Executor of the last Will and Testament of *SAMUEL BRIDGHAM*, Jr. late of Hebron, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

Ordered—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Turner, in said County, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy:

Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six—

Thomas Merrill, Administrator on the estate of *SEWALL L. LOMBARD*, late of Hebron, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

Ordered—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Turner, in said County, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy;

Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six—

Elisha Bisbee, Jr. Administrator on the estate of *DANIEL BISBEE*, late of Sumner, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

Ordered—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy:

Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six—

Joseph Bradbury, Administrator on the estate of *ADAM COTTON*, late of Hebron, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased; and also his private account against said estate:

Ordered—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy:

Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

*11.3

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six—

Appey Ann M. Merrill, of Buckfield, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *DANIEL MERRILL*, Jr. late of Buckfield, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

Ordered—That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy:

Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

The Observer

Is published every Thursday morning, by

ASA BARTON,

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at $2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay *cash* within three months from the date of their subscription.

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No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.